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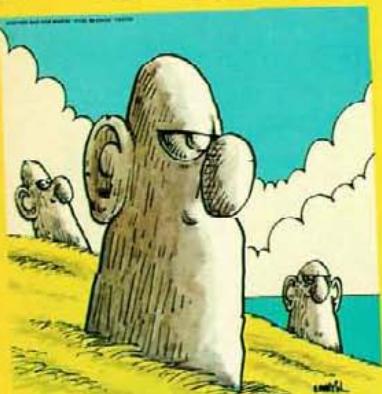
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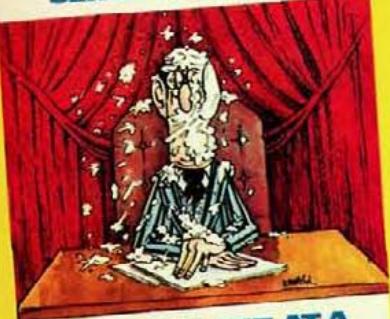
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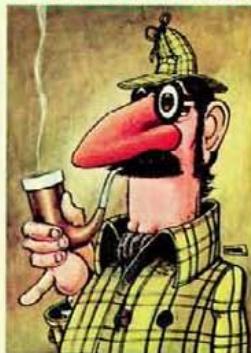
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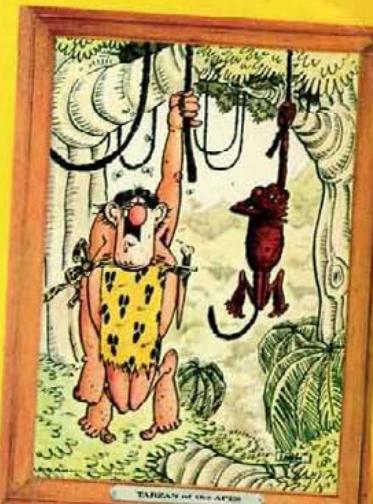
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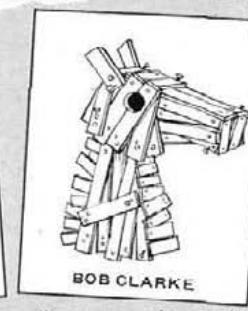
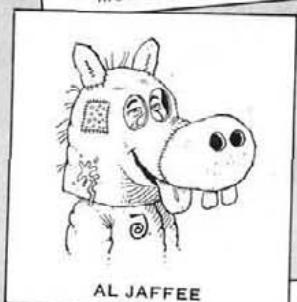
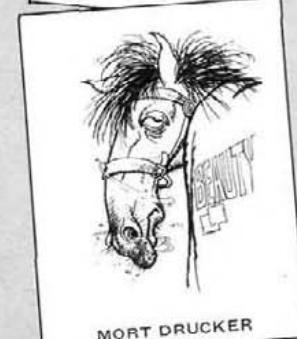
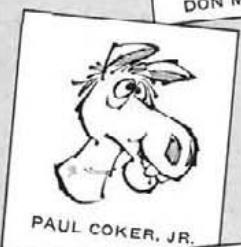
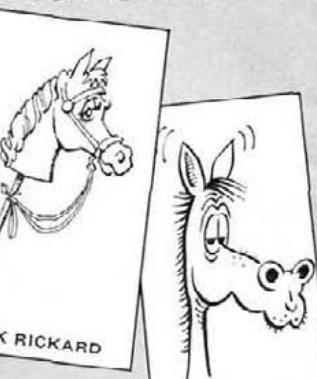
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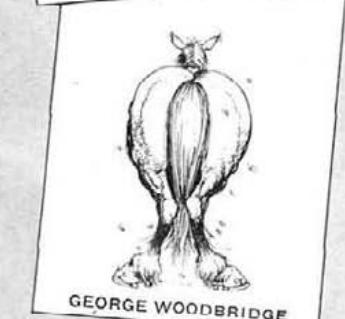
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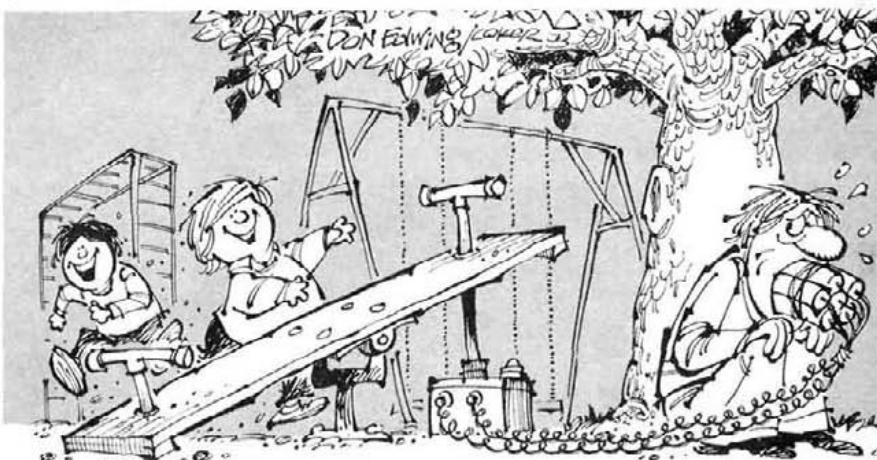


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"FAMILY" REUNION DEPT.

When last we saw the beloved Minestrone Family three years (and a couple of hundred bodies, and several Academy Awards, and \$100 million in box office grosses) ago, God had made Vino, the original Odd Father, an offer he couldn't refuse and called him to that "Great Pizzeria In The Sky," and Micrin, Vino's youngest son, had taken over. We pick up the action again with Micrin Minestrone as Head of the Family and determined to prove that *he* can play...

THE O P.A.

LAKE TAHOE, 1958

Gee,
what a
great
day!
Not a
cloud
in the
sky!

Yeah! if it
wasn't for
them letters
and numbers
up there, the
weather would
be perfect!

Dummy! That sets
the time and place
of the action! See?
We're at Don Micrin
Minestrone's estate
in Nevada for his
son, Antonio's,
COMMUNION!

What's a
Communion?
It's like
a Bar
Mitzvah
for
Catholics!

Oh, yeah! A Bar
Mitzvah! That's
when a kid says a
prayer, and then
they give him a
fountain pen!
When does Antonio
get the pen?

Probably
in about
ten years
or so...
unless he
gets himself
a real good
mouthpiece!

Who's
the
clown
who
made
the
rotten
joke?

That's Rocco
Mozzarella...
the Capo of 23
Mafia Families!
Gulp! Yeah?
Gee, he's a
witty guy!



ODD FATHER ART, TOO!



This Communion is wrecking my schedule, so I'll have to combine business with pleasure! Now, did you blow up those three Las Vegas hotels like I told you, Tim?

Yes, it's been taken care of!

Good! Well, so much for pleasure! Now to business! What happened to the Boy's Choir . . . ?

Vinny rubbed them out!

My God! Give me one good reason why!

When somebody said the Choir was going to sing . . . Vinny thought it was to the COPS!

That's a good reason!



Micrin, all these people are waiting to kiss the Odd Father's hand and ask you for your council—or for a favor!

We go in order of importance—the biggest crooks first!

Sal Valducci! I'm in charge of narcotics in New York!

Sorry! Not big enough!

I'm Frankie Jamminjelli—a Detroit Don! I just had 46 men wiped out!

Listen, everybody! I said the BIGGEST CROOKS FIRST!! Who are you . . . ?

I'm a United States Senator!

Now we're talking! YOU'RE FIRST!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Mr. Minestrone, on your plan to take over all of Las Vegas, I've got news for you!

I want \$250,000 . . . and a piece of the action!

I must see Micrin!

You'll have to wait in line like the rest of us, Lady!

I can't believe it! I'm Number 62 in line, and I'm his SISTER!

What are YOU complaining about?!

I'm Number 74, and I'm his WIFE!

Micrin . . . this is my boy friend, Moil! I'd like to marry him!

Him?!? This creep?! He's no Husband for an Italian girl! He's not one of OUR KIND!

But he loves me! He's tender and gentle . . . and he never hits me!

See? I TOLD you he's not one of our kind!



Some family I got! My Sister, Canni, wants to marry a bum... and my Brother, Freako, is married to a tramp!!

Don't say that about my wife, Micrin! It's not fair!

Come on, Freako! She treats you like a dog!

That's a dirty lie!!!

Freako, have you seen today's newspaper...?

I'll go and fetch it for you, Honey!

Isn't that disgusting? A marriage should be based on mutual love and respect!

Then how come I'm Number 74 in line to see you?

I'll make it up to you, Fay! Tomorrow is our Wedding Anniversary, and I've got a surprise for you!

Oh, what is it, Micrin? Tell me! I can't wait!!

I'm moving you up to Number 38!



What's happening to us?! We're drifting apart! You have to get out of the rackets and go straight!

Supposing I don't want to! Supposing I'm happy exactly the way I am!

I want a Husband I can look up to!

Supposing I wear platform heels!

Don't they make a real nice couple... dancing cheek to cheek...?

It's more like cheek to neck!

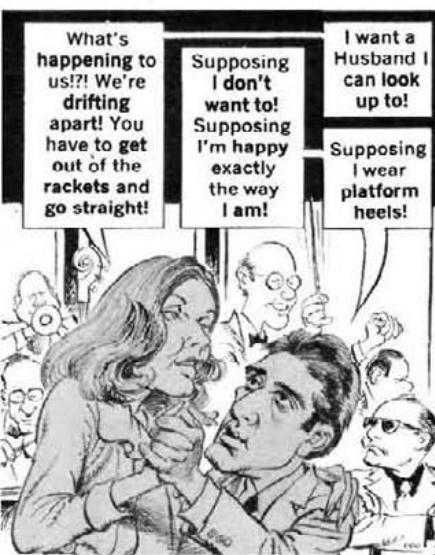
This is all very nice, but shouldn't we be getting on with the action?!

KILL... KILL...!

Who's that? A Button Man who wants to kill some poor soul?

No... the Screen-Writer who wants to kill some more time!

Okay... let's flash back to when Vino, the original Odd Father, was only nine years old!



SICILY, 1901

Don Choochoo, esteemed Mafioso, I would like you to meet my Son, Vino...

Such a handsome boy! Soon he will look just like his Father!

But his Father is dead! That's what I meant!! KILL HIM!!

Please, Don Choochoo! You killed my Husband and other Son! Vino is all I have! He will never try to avenge those killings! I swear it! He's an innocent little boy! Vino! Show Don Choochoo how sweet you are! Recite the poem you learned in your Sicilian Grammar School...

Simple Simon met a Pieman going to the fair, Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Let me taste your ware?"

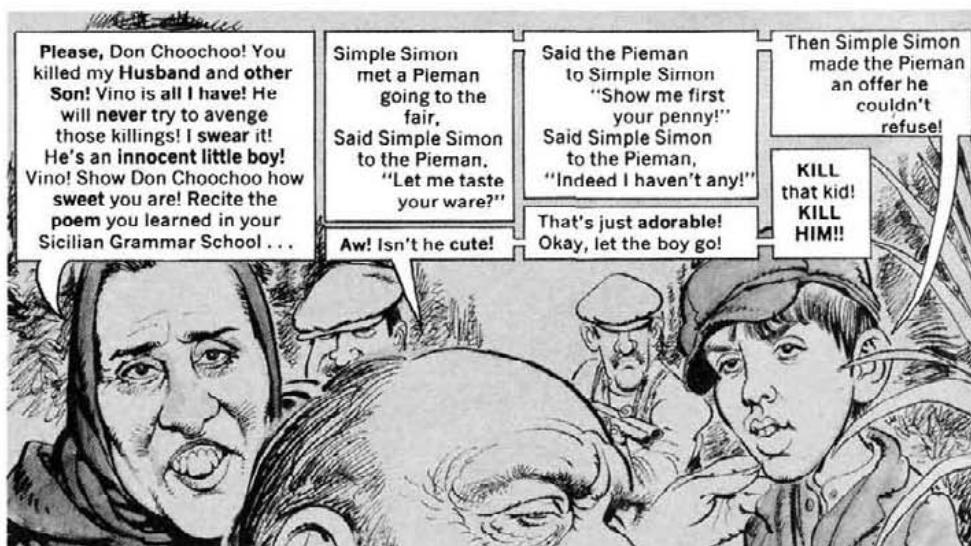
Aw! Isn't he cute!

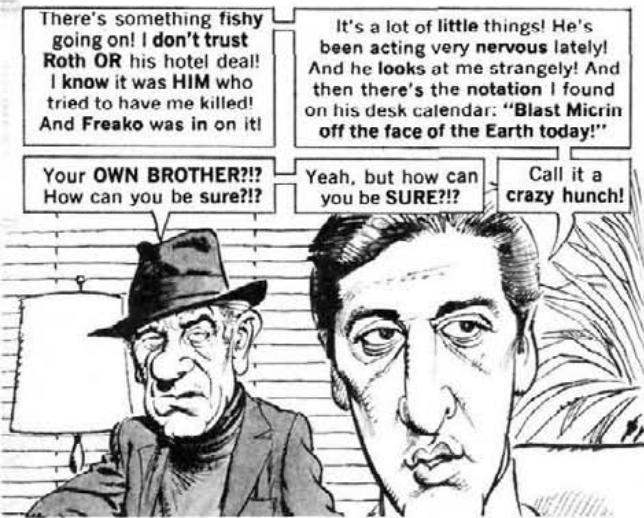
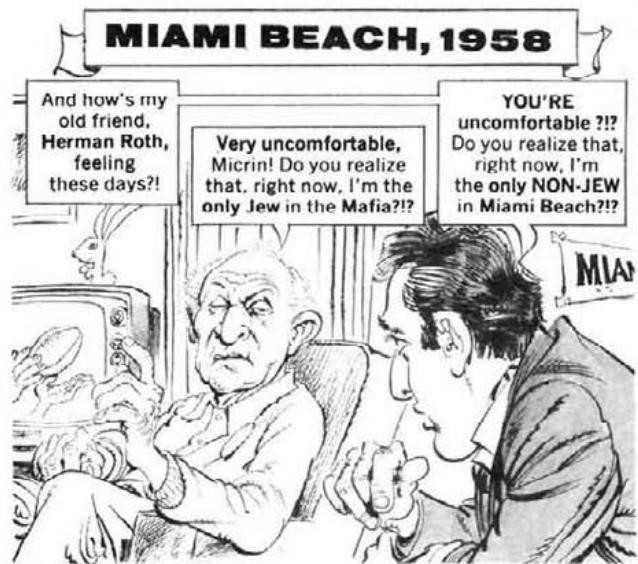
Said the Pieman to Simple Simon "Show me first your penny!" Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Indeed I haven't any!"

That's just adorable! Okay, let the boy go!

Then Simple Simon made the Pieman an offer he couldn't refuse!

KILL that kid! KILL HIM!!





LAKE TAHOE, 1959



It's great being home, Tim! But I missed being here for the Holidays! So give me a run-down! What did you get my Son, Antonio, as a Christmas present from me?

Detroit!

Kids nowadays are spoiled rotten! When I was a kid, the most my Father ever got me was Staten Island!



WASHINGTON, D.C. 1959



Micrin, things are piling up! You got scores to settle with Herman Roth and Freako . . . and now a Senate Investigating Committee wants you to appear before them in Washington!

A Senate Committee? Uh-oh!! That could mean the end of our whole operation! By the way, who owns Washington?

Your daughter, Maria! You got it for her last Christmas! I think we got a fighting chance!

Mr. Minestrone, you have been called before this Senate Committee because we are determined to wipe out the cancer that is threatening to destroy America in the '50's! State your name and line of work . . . and no lying!

I am Micrin Minestrone! I am the Capo of Capos in the Mafia! I control all prostitution, gambling and narcotics in this country. I deal in extortion, blackmail and murder! And I won't stop until the whole world is mine!

Mr. Minestrone, stop stalling! Are you now, or have you ever been a Communist?

No . . . I swear it!

Thank you, and God bless you!



NEW YORK CITY, 1917

What is the meaning of today's Religious Festival, Papa?

We are grateful that we Italians have lived through the past year, and we are asking the Almighty to please let us all live through the coming year!

And do you think that the Almighty . . . Don Tuttifrutti . . . WILL let us all live through the coming year, Papa?

Yes, if we give him a little respect, a little devotion, and a lot of payola!

Bless you, Don Tuttifrutti . . . forever and ever . . . Amen!

Hail, Don Tuttifrutti, our Beloved Savior!

Hey! How come Vino Minestrone is the only one around here who doesn't respect me? How come he doesn't offer prayers to me like the others?

But I heard him offer you a prayer a while ago!

Yeah? Well, you tell him that, "Don Tuttifrutti, you're some cutie!" is just not good enough!



Vino Minestrone! What are you doing at my apartment?!!

Don Tuttifrutti, you've been shaking down the pushcart peddlers, and stealing from everyone on Mulberry Street long enough . . . and I hereby make a vow! From this moment on . . . there will be no more crime in the streets!!

What are you gonna do . . . ?

Kill you here in the house!

**BLAM!
BLAM!**

LAKE TAHOE, 1959

So you finally show up around here, Freako, my dirty rotten double-crossing Brother . . . !

I'm such a weakling! All my life, I do the wrong things and say the wrong things! Can't you forgive me for one little mistake, Micrin?

For shooting at me in my bedroom . . . ?

No, for missing!

Whoops! I did it again!

Oh . . . thank you, Micrin! Thank you!

Tim, put out a contract on Mama!



Micrin, I beg of you! Please don't kill Freako! Please don't kill your own Brother!

Canny, you know how devoted I am to our family! Do you think I would ever kill Freako while Mama's alive?



NEW YORK CITY, 1925

Micrin, I have had it! I'm through! I'm leaving you!

But, Fay! I love you! I'll change my way of life! I swear it . . . !

No . . . I want a divorce!!

A divorce?? That's a sin against God!

Okay! I respect your religion! There's only one solution!

Right! Tim, put out a contract on Fay . . . !

Micrin, you're a good Catholic!

Vino, things have changed around here since you got rid of that ugly, vicious Mafioso killer, Don Tuttifrutti!

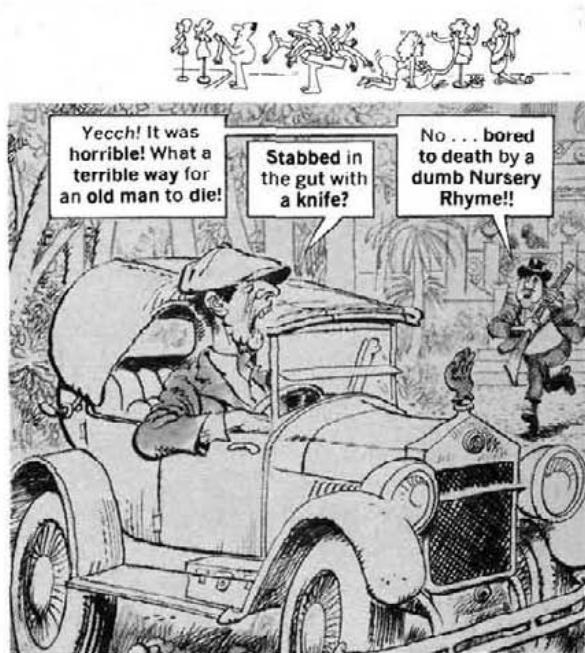
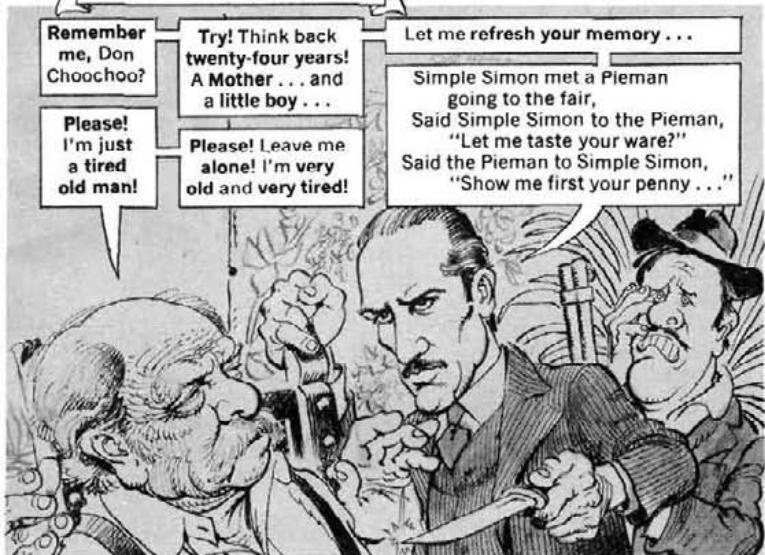
Yeah . . . and replaced him with a gentle good-looking Mafioso killer, mainly ME!!

You got everything you could want! And all of your enemies are gone!

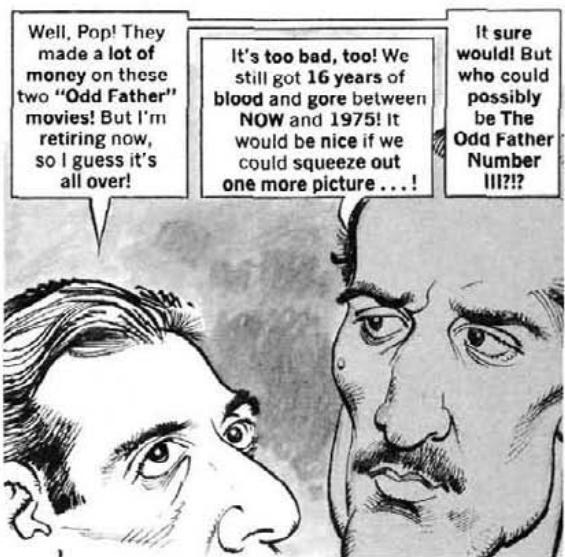
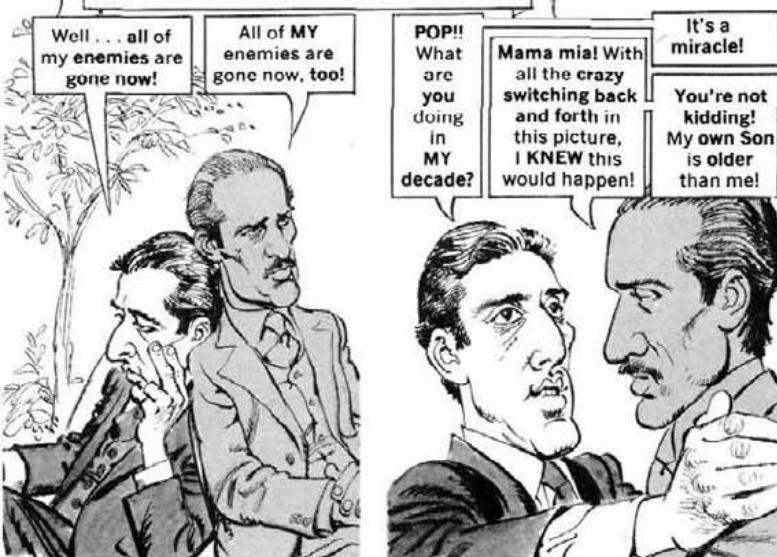
All except one . . . and I'm gonna take care of HIM right now . . . !



SICILY, 1925

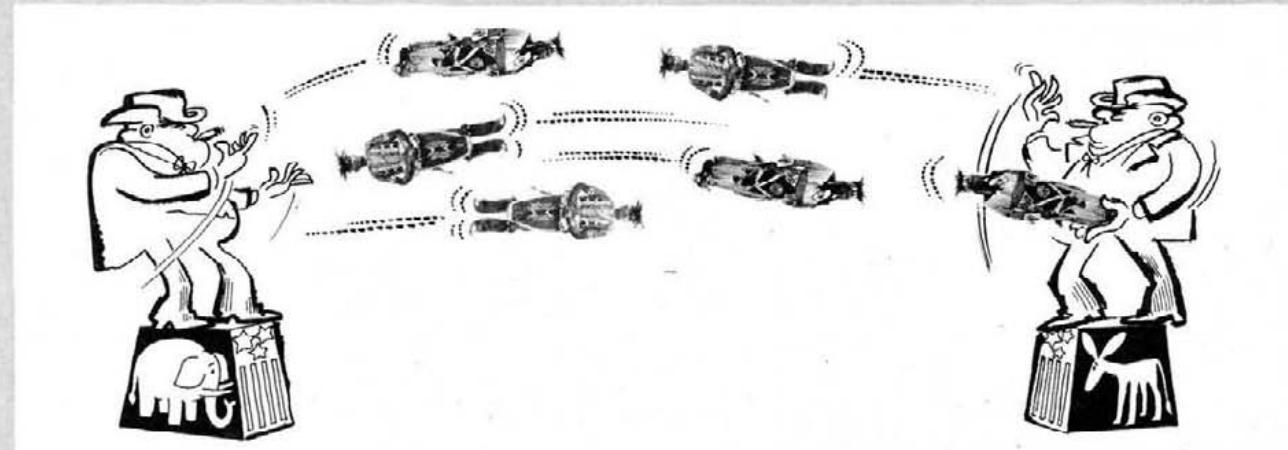
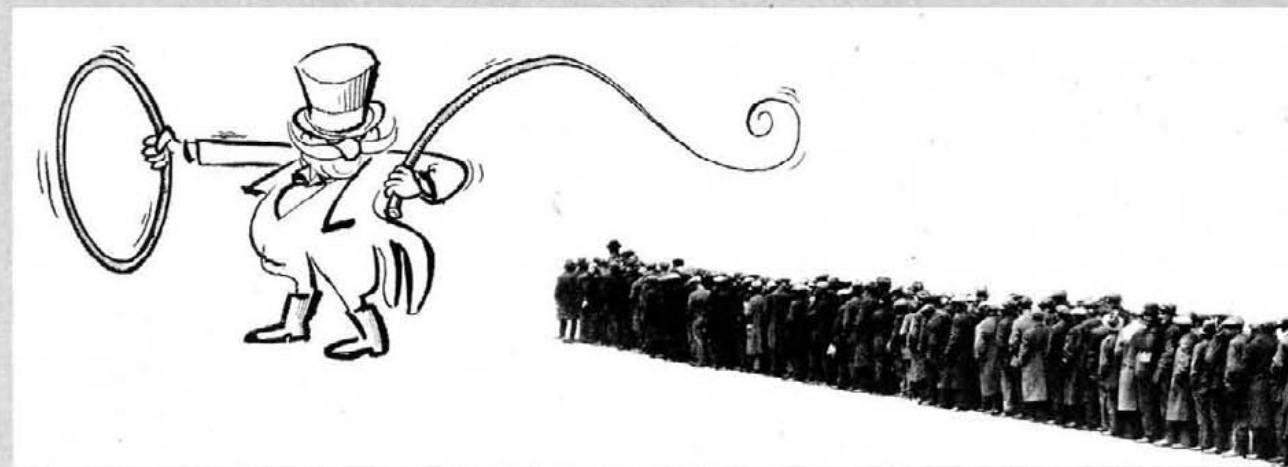
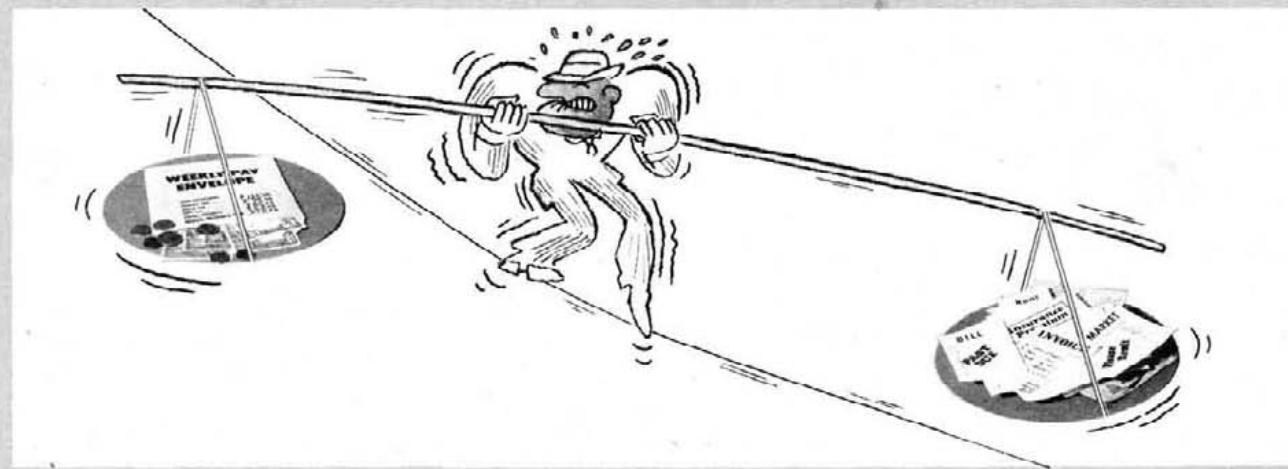


LAKE TAHOE, 1959



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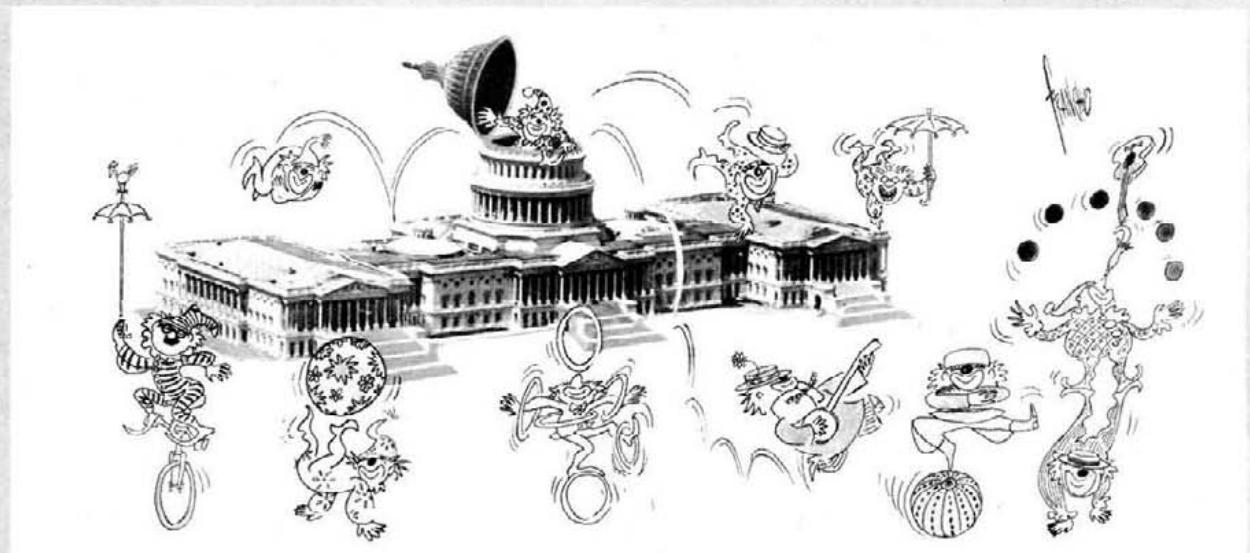
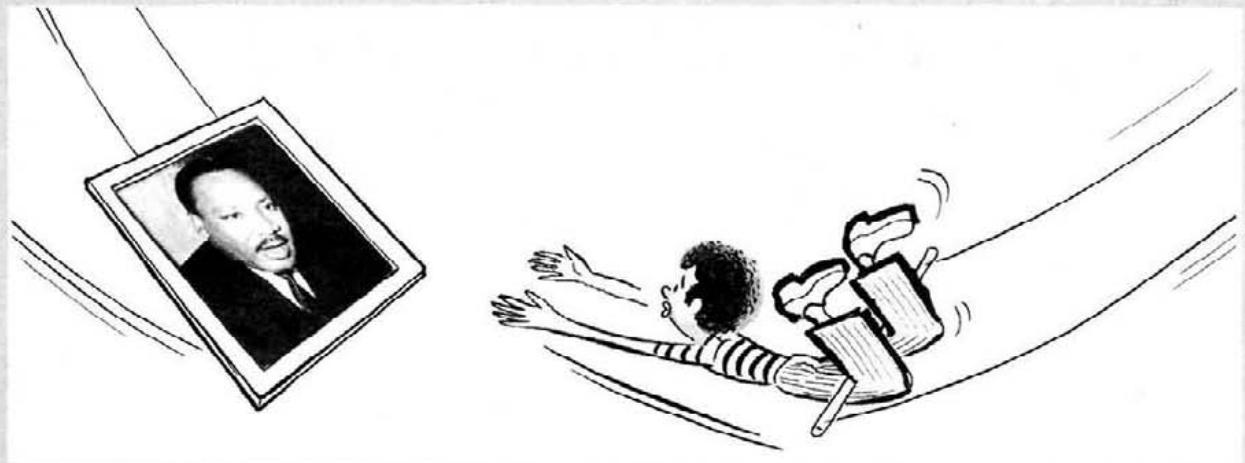
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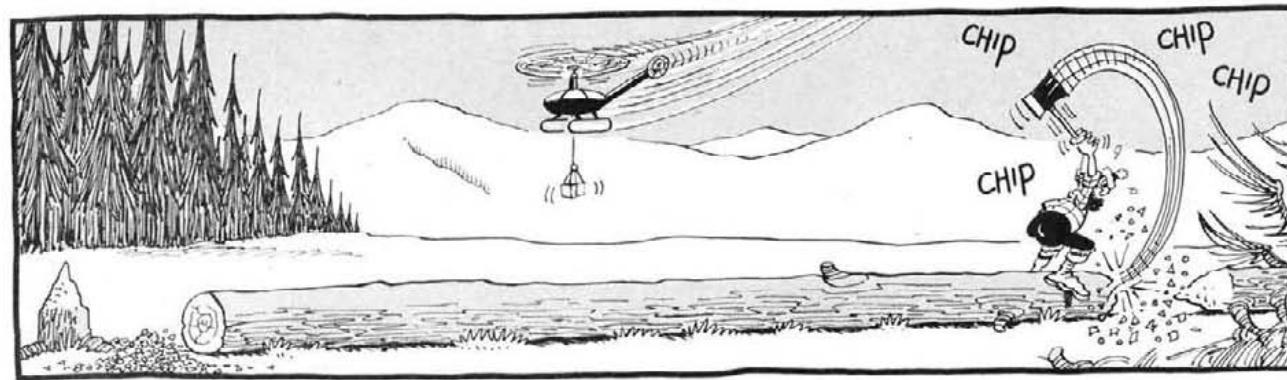
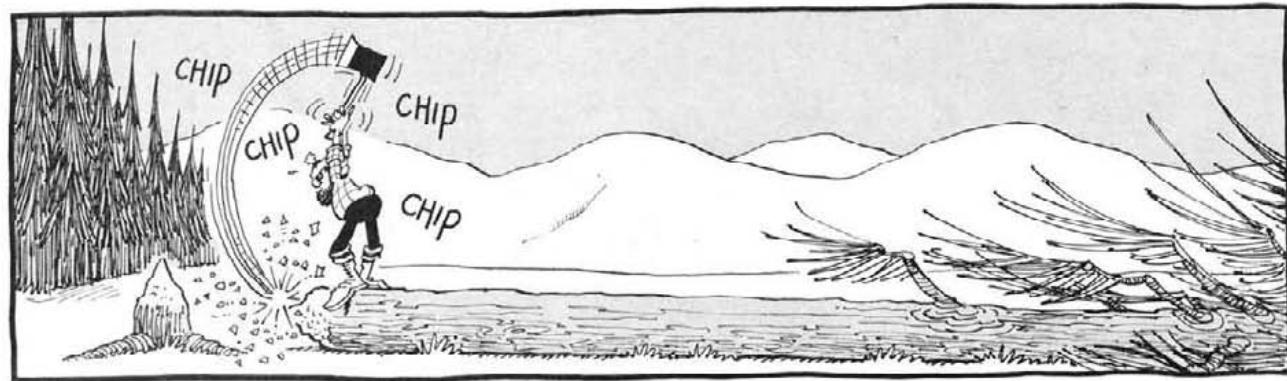
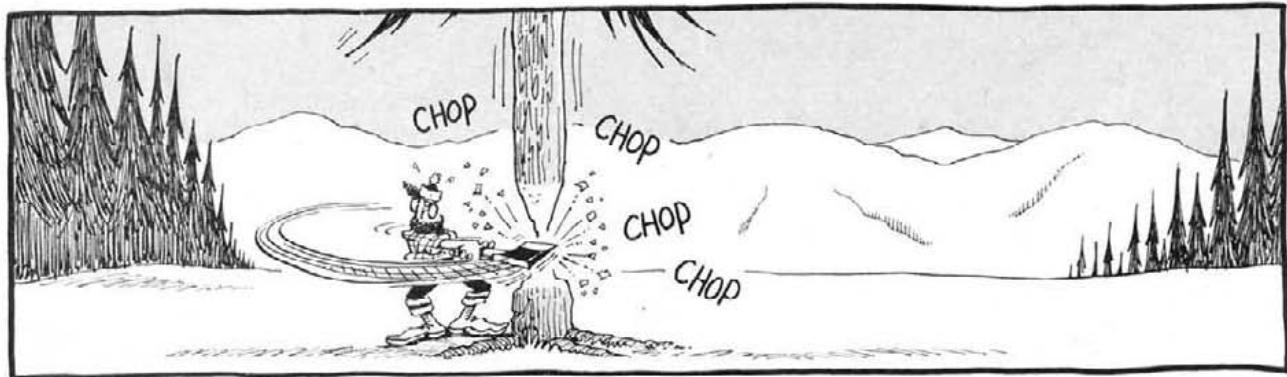
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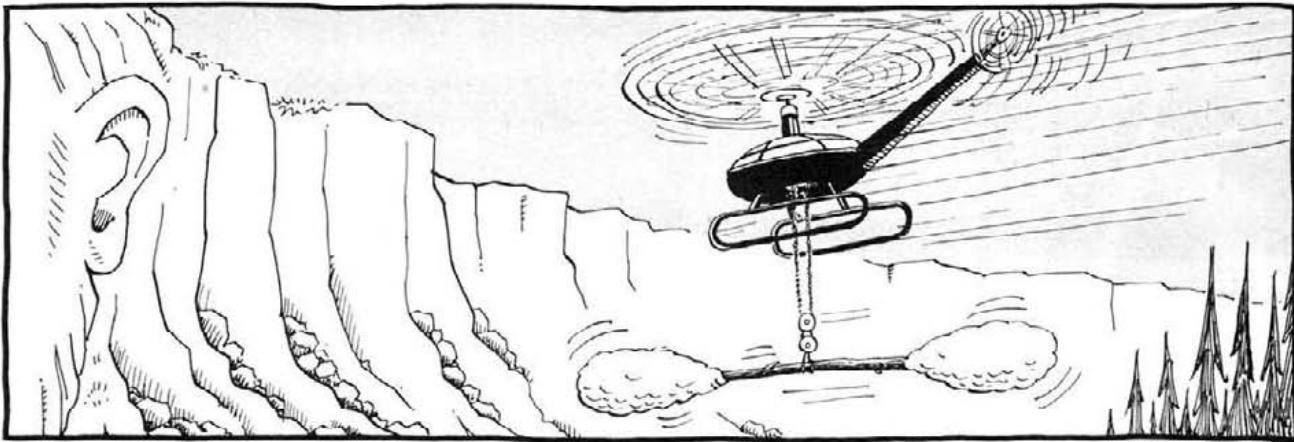
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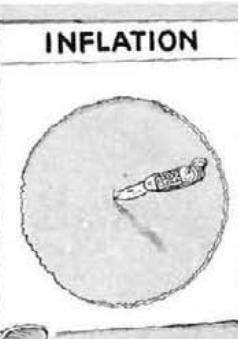


CURRENCY EVENTS DEPT.

These days, our country is going through a very rough period. And no one seems to understand how . . . or why. But there are many Economists who offer solutions. Since you'll never read your Economics textbooks, we thought we'd give you a "cram course" in Economics. We call it a "cram course," because after you read it, you'll know one thing . . . just where to cram those Economists' solutions!

THE MAD ECONOMICS PRIMER

BUREAU
OF
VITAL
STATISTICS



ILLUSTRATED BY AL JAFFEE

WRITTEN BY STAN HART

See the funky people wearing funky clothes.
 See the old movies they're going to.
 America is on a "Nostalgia" kick.
 Everyone wants to turn back the clock
 To the "Good Old Days."
 In the area of ECONOMICS,
 The clock has already been turned back
 To the 1930's.
 And if you believe
 Those old days were good—
 You also believe that whales can tap dance!

But our Economic Situation today
 Isn't exactly like it was back then.
 Back then we had unemployment
 And the price of everything was down.
 Today, we have unemployment
 And the price of everything is up.
 Hey! Maybe those *were* the "Good Old Days"!
 (Do a Soft Shoe, Moby Dick!)



Then we made a deal with our friends,
 The Russians,
 We sold them wheat at bargain prices,
 In the middle of a wheat shortage,
 And domestic food prices took off
 Like a Sputnik.
 Isn't that a funny way to fight Communism?

Then our pals in Saudi Arabia, Iran and Venezuela
 Quadrupled the price of oil
 And millions of Americans
 Were thrown out of work.
 Isn't it nice that our Government
 Works so hard to keep such good friends abroad
 While losing them at home?

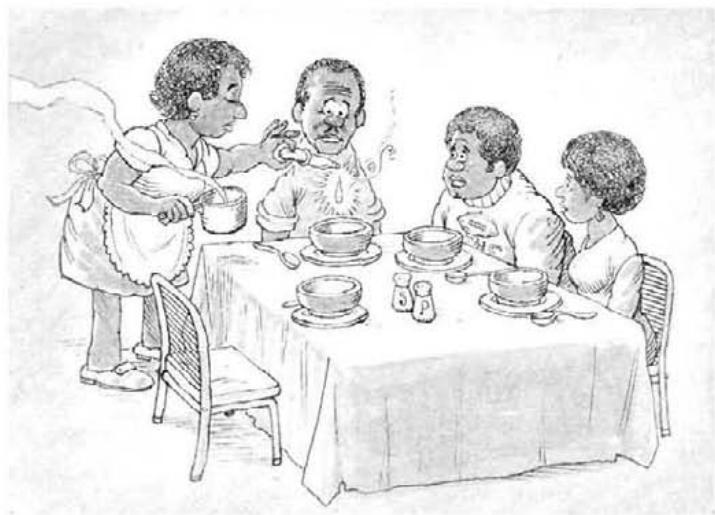
We have always been told
 That America is the Land of Plenty.
 And it's true.
 Today, there's plenty of unemployment
 And plenty of businesses going broke
 And plenty of frightened people.
 What America needs now is
 Strong leadership in Washington
 With plenty of good ideas.
 Oops! America just ran out of plenty.

See the confused man.
 He is wondering how it all happened.
 Last year, everything was "Whoopie!"
 Now things are all "Icch, ptooeey!"
 Why?
 Well, remember Vietnam?
 We spent 250 billion dollars there
 Just to keep our friend, President Thieu in office,
 And thereby make sure that
 Corruption would not vanish from Southeast Asia.
 Icch, Thieu-y!!



See the lady shopping for food.
See how she holds on to her shopping cart.
Why does she hold on to it so tight?
Is she afraid someone might steal it?
No, she needs it for support.
Because when she sees the prices
She might faint!
See her run to the "Express Checkout."
Why is she going there?
So she can get out of the store fast
Before the prices change again.

A few years ago, you could feed
A family of four for \$25 a week.
You still can!
If you're a family of Munchkins.
With the price of food so high,
You have to be affluent
To even afford malnutrition.

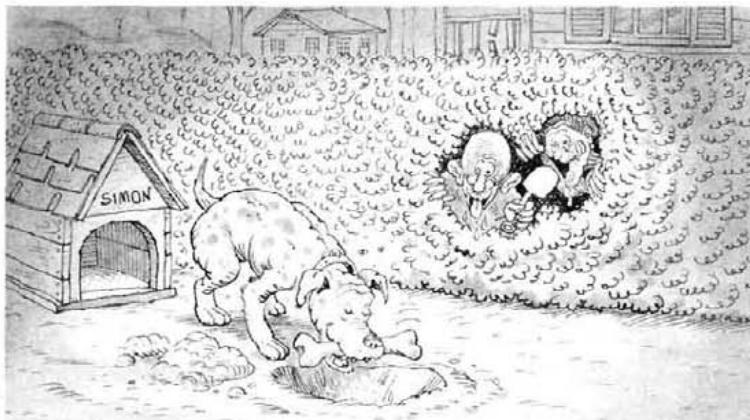


See the farmer deep in thought.
Is he trying to figure out
What to plant where?
No, he is trying to figure out
What NOT to plant where!
Because if he plants too much,
He will lose money.
There will be an oversupply of food,
And prices will go down.
To prevent this, the Government
Gives him a subsidy.
A subsidy is money for not planting crops.
It's like getting an "A" in History
For not showing up in class.

Who pays these Government subsidies?
Guess!
That's right! You do!
Your taxes go to the farmer as subsidies
So he will plant less crops
So you will pay more for food!
You're a two-time loser!

Does this system sound strange to you?
How do you think it sounds
To the starving Asians or Africans?
They know that America could feed
All the hungry people of the world.
If the price was right!

See the old people shopping.
They are the hardest hit
Because they live on fixed incomes.
See them spend their meager funds
Buying dog food.
Isn't that sweet?
Not when you realize
That more than half of them
Don't even own dogs.



Economics experts say
That we will have 9% unemployment.
They call it "an acceptable level."
It's not very acceptable
If you're one of the 9%.

Experts now predict that the economy
Will turn later this year.
And now the workers are concerned.
They're afraid that the Experts may be right,
And the economy will turn from bad to worse.

To keep their jobs, many workers
Work fewer hours, or take pay cuts.
In the same spirit, some executives
Have also taken pay cuts.
The head of General Motors cut his pay in half.
From \$700,000 to \$350,000 a year.
Which proves that, in a Democracy,
Hard times affect everyone alike.



See the President.
He is working to solve our economic problems
Can he do it?
People have their doubts.
They're afraid that this Ford
May turn out to be another Edsel.
When he came into office,
He vowed to fight inflation
With a bold new idea.
What was the idea?
Print millions of buttons.
Remember the "W.I.N." buttons?
They were very popular
With eight year old kids.
Almost as popular
As "Chicken Inspector" buttons.

First, the President wanted to increase taxes.
Next, he wanted to decrease taxes.
First, he said we should save our money.
Next, he said we should spend our money.
But don't feel embarrassed about our President.
After all, you didn't vote for him.
Come to think of it, NOBODY did!

Maybe he's not as foolish as we think.
He made Nelson Rockefeller the Vice President.
Maybe that was a shrewd move.
Maybe the President hopes
That Rockefeller will buy the country
And give us all an allowance.

But if Rockefeller DID buy the country,
Would he keep Mr. Ford?
Or would he want someone
With greater insight, greater ability,
And greater stature?
Someone like Ronald McDonald!



See the men with all the charts and graphs.

They are Economists.

They can predict what is going to happen to the economy.

They are very consistent.

They are never right.

Economics is a science.

However, it is not as exact a science

As Astrology, Numerology or Tea Leaf Reading.

Economists have their own language

That prevents them from being understood.

For instance, Economists will tell us they have good news.

They will say, "The rate of unemployment is down."

Does that mean that fewer people are out of work?

No, it means that *more* people are out of work,

Only *less* more than last month.

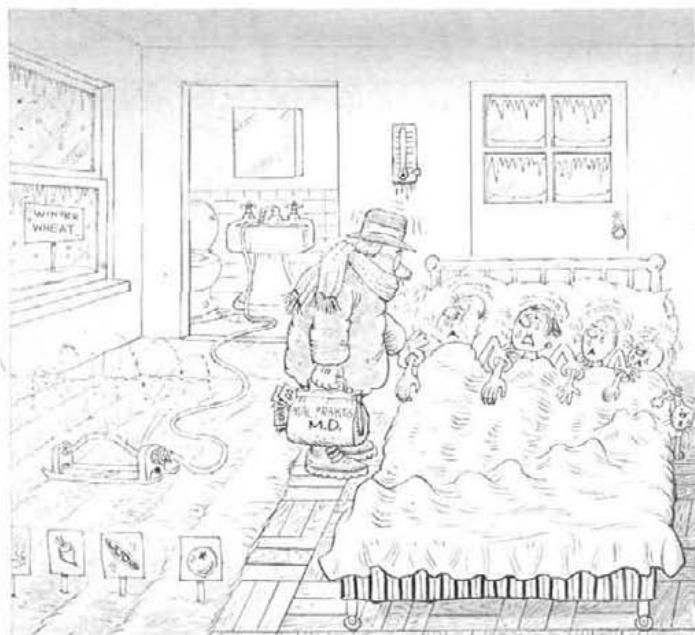
Understand?

Good! You're not supposed to!

It's like a Doctor telling you he has bad news and good news.

The bad news is: You only have a month to live.

The good news is: The days are getting longer.



How can you beat the high cost of living?

Experts tell you to put

Six months' income in a savings bank.

How are you supposed to do that?

Maybe by robbing another savings bank!

Maybe you can grow your own vegetables,
Even if you live in an apartment.

You could save about \$25 a month.

Would that help? Not necessarily!

Your landlord would probably

Raise your rent \$50 a month,

Because now you have a Garden Apartment.

Net loss: \$25.

You could save money

By lowering the temperature

To 65° in the winter.

That saves you about \$10 a month.

Or does it?

At 65°, your whole family

Will come down with all kinds of sicknesses.

And you'll have a \$50 doctor bill.

Net loss: \$40.

What to do?

Forget the whole thing and have a good time?

Go to a movie and get away from it all?

Not so fast! Movies cost \$3.50!

And that's \$14 for a family of four!

With that money, you could feed a family of four

For 15 minutes.

Of course, you could go to a Drive-In Movie.

That's cheaper. Unless you drive!

With the price of gasoline

It comes to about the same thing.

Oh, well, hang in there, America.

Like . . . you have a choice???

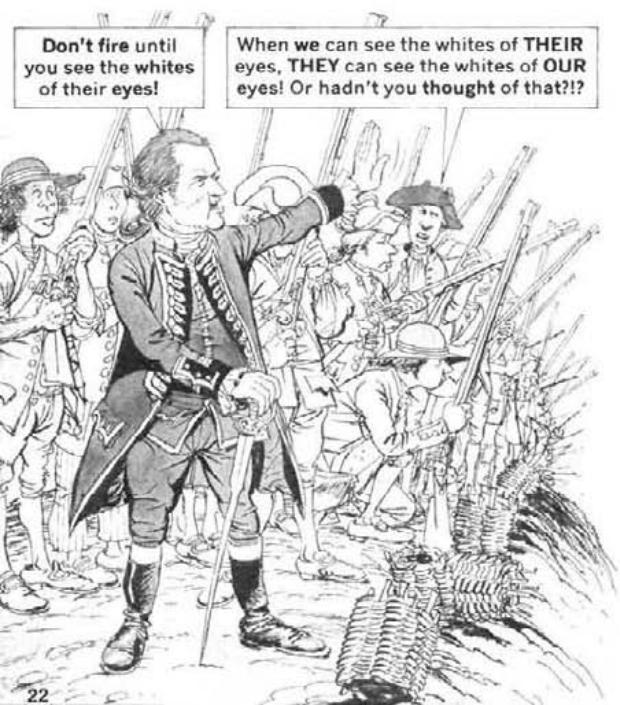
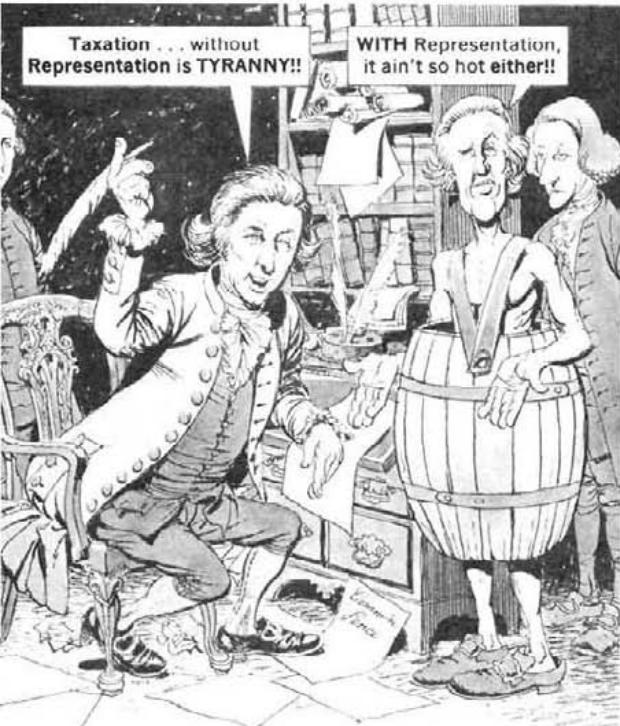


ROCKING THE QUOTE DEPT.

History has recorded the famous words uttered by famous men . . . words that we all know well. But did it ever occur to you that maybe the other people present didn't just stand around applauding

ZAPPERS THAT H

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

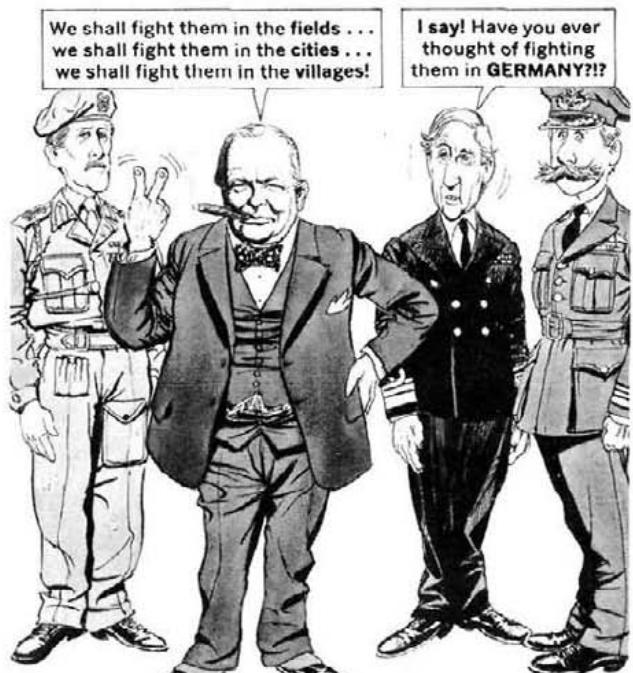
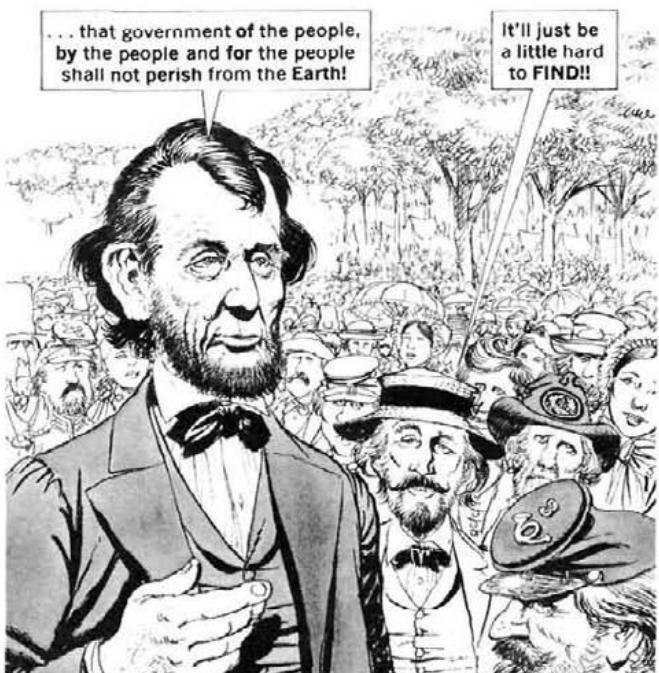


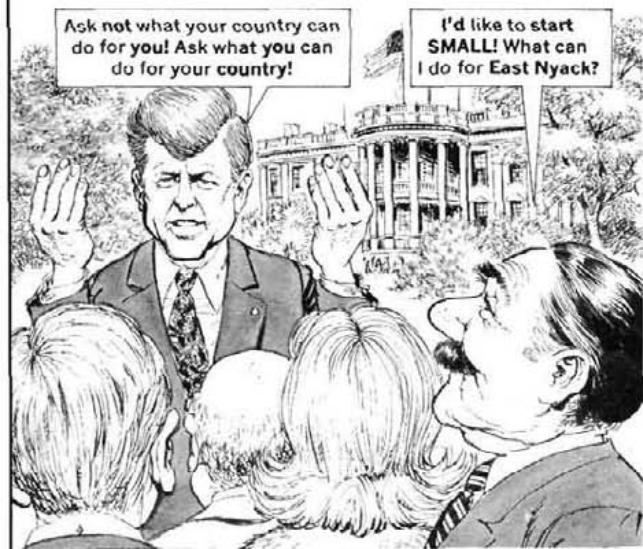
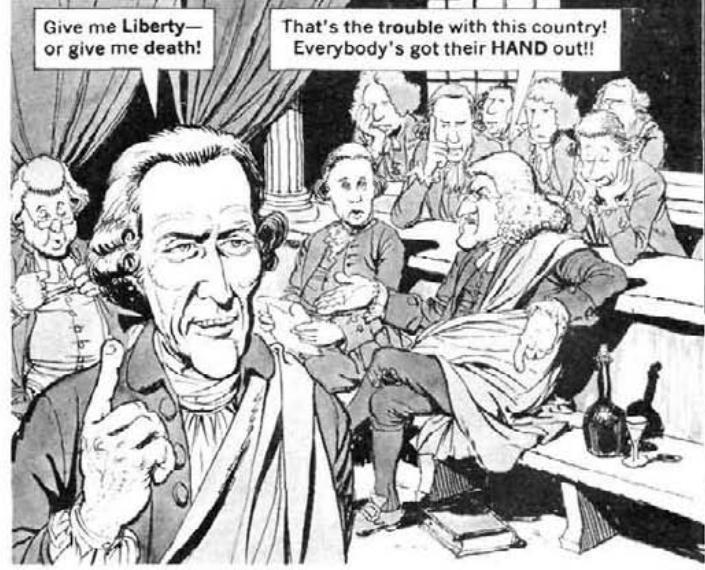


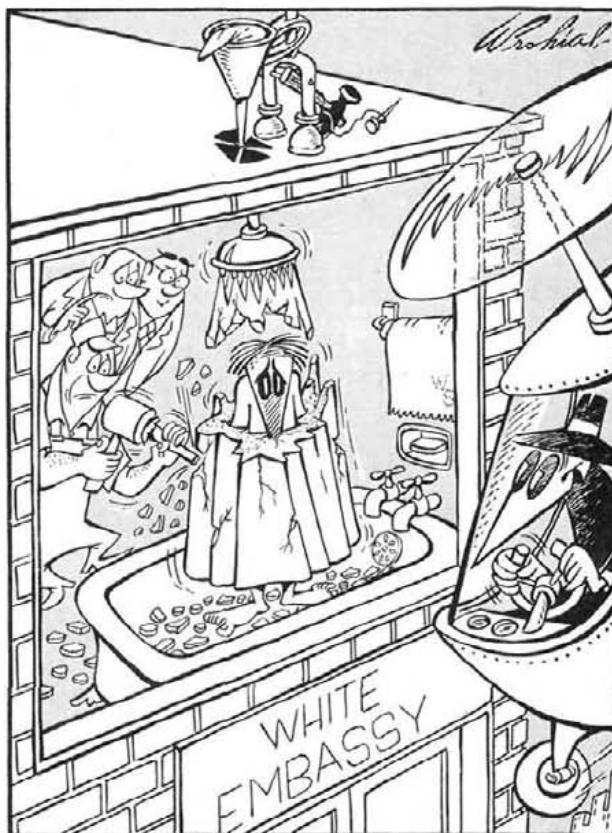
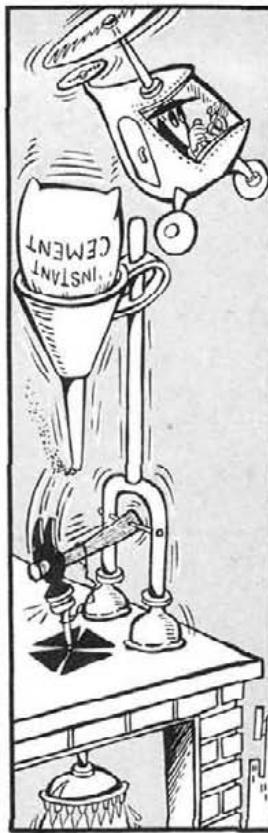
when those words were said . . . that maybe somebody else had an answer or a topper or some equally important words to say in rebuttal . . . only we're not familiar with those words because they're the

ISTORY FORCOT

WRITER: ALEN ROBIN







THE GAME OF THE NAME DEPT.

A COLLECTION OF
DISTINCTIVE...

BUSINESS AND

City Police Department
Office of the Commissioner

The Honorable Brice Tugwell
Head Pig

Gentlemen's Lavatory
Grand Ritz Hotel

James Conway
Flusher

THE MAFIA

New York Chicago Detroit Las Vegas

Ernest "Necktie" Fazio
Veiled Threats
and Shakedowns

Espionage Division
United States Counter-Intelligence Agency

"Snowflower"

(3)

Omega Omega Omega Fraternity
Upsilon Chapter
University of Michigan

Ronald Fortesque
Resident Streaker



Madame Simone's House Of Pleasure
Massages—Intimate Physical Therapy

Wilma Latour
Home Delivery

Pillar Facing Fifty-Dollar Window
Clubhouse Section
Santa Anita Race Track

Roscoe Fleen
Hot Tips

No Appointment Necessary

Lazy Oaks Retirement Village
Winsome Springs, Florida

Claudia Wickwire
Villa 17-B
Swinging Widow

SOCIAL CARDS

...FOR THE MAD
WORLD OF TODAY

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Miss Angela St. James
Groupie

Epstein and Garfinkle
Wholesale Clothing and Sportswear

Drew Simpson
Token Wasp

The New York Telephone Company
Service Division

T.R. Mannings, Supervisor
991-0099
If Out of Service, call
863-0989
If No Answer, call
767-0079

THE AKRON OWLS
Professional Hockey Club



Pierre Le Drecque
Penalty Killer and Maimer

Investigations Division
The Department of Justice
United States of America

Edwin R. Scanlon
Plea-Copping

LOCAL 544

International Brotherhood
of Teamsters

EDWARD T. MUNCRIEF
GOON

"Death to Capitalistic Swine!"
The Blood Brothers Liberation Army

Wilfred Huggins
Community Relations



The American Society of Reincarnation

Walter Hotchkiss
Thomas Edison
Millard Fillmore
Johann Sebastian Bach
Henry VIII
Marco Polo
Cain

ALL IN THE FAMILY



The story of Archie Bunker... an obnoxious bigot... with a deranged wife, a goofy daughter and a lumpy son-in-law... whose sole mission in life is to spin off other TV shows and thereby create and nurture...

MAUDE



The story of Edith's cousin, who was divorced three times, whose daughter's already gone that route once, whose voice is louder and lower than a Longshoreman's, and who does real funny things like having abortions.

GOOD TIMES



Florida, Maude's former maid, who didn't do windows, but did do enough scene-stealing shticks to get her own show (and family), has fun trying to subsist in Chicago during times that are anything but "good".

J. J.



Florida's boy strikes out on his own, (and does, with bases loaded, yet) as an artist who moonlights as a scarecrow and who regularly gets into trouble because he smiles too broadly and keeps swallowing his ears.

SPIN-OFFSPRING DEPT.

The "AI"

WRITERS: STAN HART & E. NELSON BRIDWELL

MIKE AND GLORIA



Archie and Edith's kids move to their own show after Mike graduates into the army of the unemployed, Gloria loses her job, and they go on Welfare where they spend all their time demonstrating for funny liberal causes.

CAROL



Maude's daughter takes her invisible child and moves into her own show where she tries to answer the age-old question, "Can a divorced Mother find happiness with nothing more to offer a man than a size 38 bust?"

COCKNEY KOOK



Mrs. Naugatuck, Maude's maid, gets her own show which offers TV viewers something startlingly new... a real live WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) in the only situation comedy ever done with English sub-titles.





"In The Family"

Tree

THE JEFFERSONS



Archie's former neighbor, a success who moves away so he can escape the bigoted White establishment and set up a bigoted Black establishment, discovers his son is so bland that he may not even get his own spin-off.

ARTHUR



Arthur realizes that, by hanging around Maude, he'll never be anything more than a dull successful surgeon, so he takes off in his own show and proves that questions of life and death need not be all that serious.

STEP ON HARRY



Bentley, the Jeffersons' confused Englishman, who can only get rid of a backache by having someone walk all over him (which may explain why they lost the Empire) gets even more confused when no one watches his show.

-OR-
"THE HISTORY
OF A SPIN-OFF
BONANZA—PAST,
PRESENT AND
FUTURE"

Present Spin-Offs

Spin-Offs To Come

THE WILLISES



The Jeffersons' neighbors, that racially mixed couple, move to Queens next door to an obnoxious bigot, his deranged wife, his goofy daughter and lumpish son-in-law who immediately start pushing for their own show.

Consider the history of Mankind!
In the beginning, the jungle was dangerous and threatening! And so, for comfort and safety, Man moved inside protective dwellings!

Today, Civilization has reached great heights! And yet, Mankind still feels threatened and in danger! So we've reversed the process! **Today**, for comfort . . .

. . . we bring the JUNGLE inside our dwellings, as my Wife has done!

You said it, Pal!

Including the WATERFALLS!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

**THE
LIGHTER
SIDE OF...**

**INDOOR
GARDENING**

What a healthy-looking vegetable garden!

Well, it gave me plenty of trouble! I really wanted a successful garden this year, but I ran into a problem!

Weeds kept sprouting and choking off the seedling plants! I started a real battle with them, raking—and pulling them out—and using weed killers!

Well, you must've won the battle! You have a beautiful crop . . . !

Actually, I lost the battle!

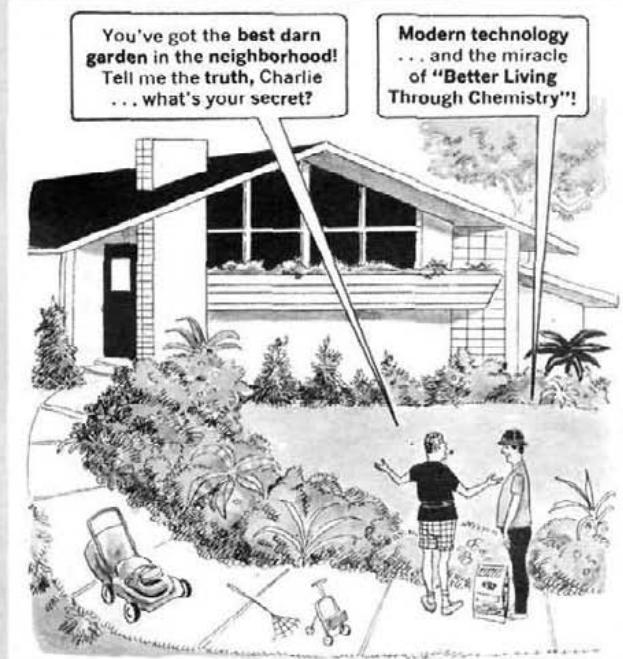
Those are the WEEDS!!





AND OUTDOOR GARDENING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

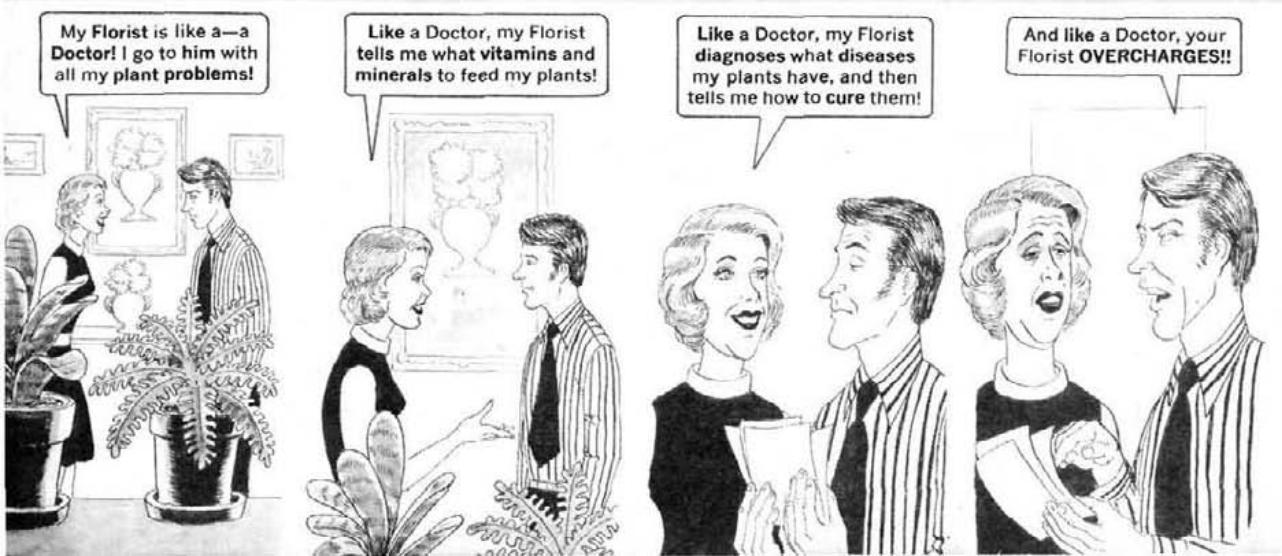


Modern technology . . . and the miracle of "Better Living Through Chemistry"!

I bought this special package of fertilizer! It's the latest thing in the ever-advancing science of Agronomics! It has a fantastic ingredient that works like magic!

HORSE MANURE!!





I see you have quite a collection of plants! There are so many varieties of plants, and all of them have names ... like *Guzmania Lingulata* and *Tillandsia Ionantha*! Do you know the names of YOUR plants ...?

I sure do... most intimately!

This one is "Irving," and this one is "Gloria," and this one is "Sidney," and this one is "Carol," and—



How do you keep your lawn looking so lush?

I water it religiously ... every single day!

But ... what if you're not home?

I've got an automatic timer that turns the sprinkler on at the same time every day!

Speaking of time, what time is it NOW?

I don't have a watch with me!

But I can tell you ... it's precisely seven o'clock!!



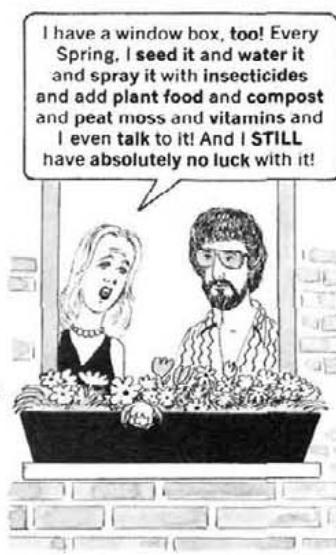
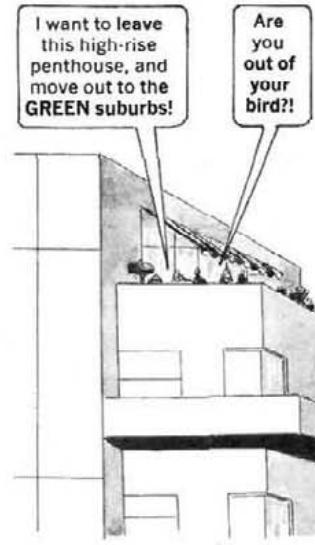
How are my sweet little babies today? Mommy has brought you some nice cool water to drink, and a soothing insect spray to wash you, and some delicious plant food to eat so you can grow up strong and healthy ...

When you wear that perfume, Baby, you really turn me on!

PLEASE, John ...

NOT IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN!!





GIVE US A "BREAK" DEPT.



A **TV** AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE THE GERITOL COMMERCIAL

I love my Wife! She's a good Mother! She helps the kids with their homework . . . she cleans the house . . .



. . . she does the cooking . . . and the dishes . . . and the wash . . . and the shopping . . . and she never complains!



I always say, "Why not take care of yourself?" So I get plenty of rest, I eat balanced meals, and I take Geritol!



Yep, I love my Wife! Too bad she don't look as good as my girlfriend here! Then, maybe I'd go home more often!



PEEK OF SUCCESS DEPT.

A MAD
LOOK AT

SOME WELL-KEPT

ARTIST: SANDY KOSSIN

EUELL GIBBONS



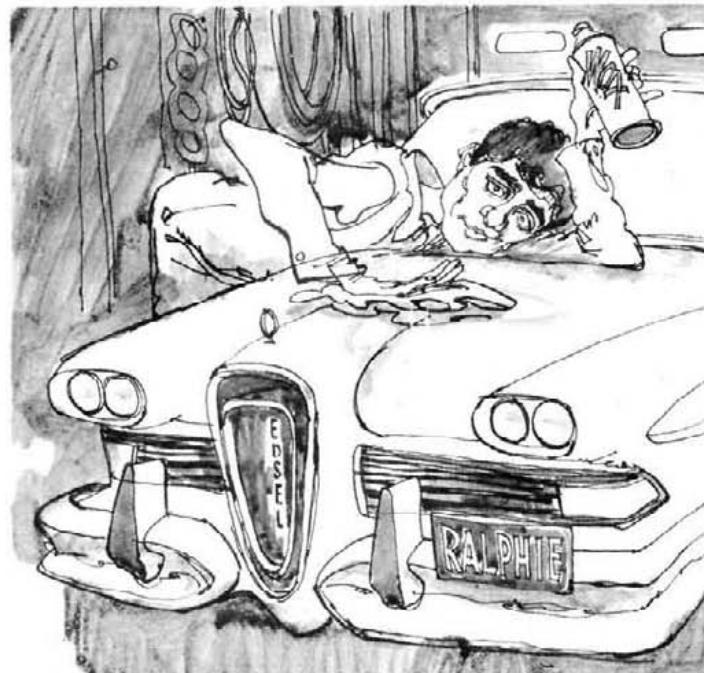
JOHN PAUL GETTY



HENRY KISSINGER



RALPH NADER



CELEBRITIES' SECRETS

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

EVEL KNIEVEL



GLORIA STEINEM



FIDEL CASTRO



COL. SANDERS



FROM BAD TIMES TO VERSE DEPT.

Jack Sprat and his Wife aren't splitting the meat these days. They can't afford any. Little Miss Muffet has hocked her tuffet and hasn't had curds and whey in a month. Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard is twice as bare as it used to be, and Peter Peter's so broke he can't pay for a pumpkin. Like the rest of us, the Nursery Rhyme Folks have fallen on bad times, which is our way of introducing . . .

Mary Had A Little Lamb



Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

But Mary found the cost of meat
Had soared, which didn't please her;
Tonight she's having leg of lamb—
The rest is in the freezer.

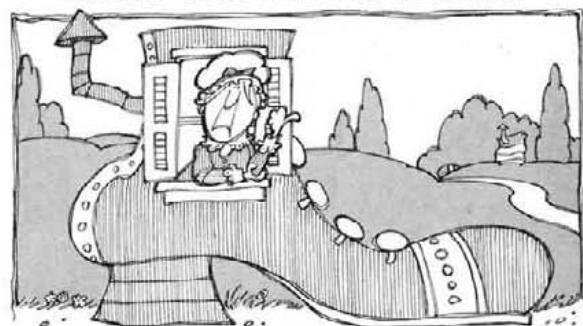
Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star



Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Way up in the sky so far;
How I'd love to spend my days
Basking in your brilliant rays;
I wish and pray that you were near,
Inside our house, just shining here;
Because we won't have light until
We pay off our electric bill.

MAD'S MOTH

There Was An Old Woman



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
Who said, "With my income, it's all I can do;
"It may be substandard, but just down the block,
"I know an old woman who lives in a sock."

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Solomon Grundy

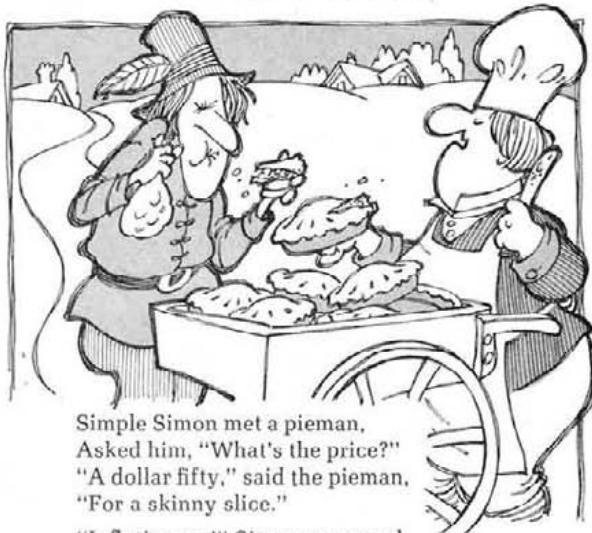


Solomon Grundy
Bought gas on Monday,
Filled up on Tuesday,
Once more on Wednesday,
Two tanks on Thursday,
Also on Friday,
Ditto on Saturday,
Likewise on Sunday;
Anybody want to trade a Datsun even-up
For the powder-blue, all-optionals-included,
Comfort-Control, 1975 Cadillac of Solomon Grundy?



RECESSION ER GOOSE

Simple Simon



Simple Simon met a pieman,
Asked him, "What's the price?"
"A dollar fifty," said the pieman,
"For a skinny slice."

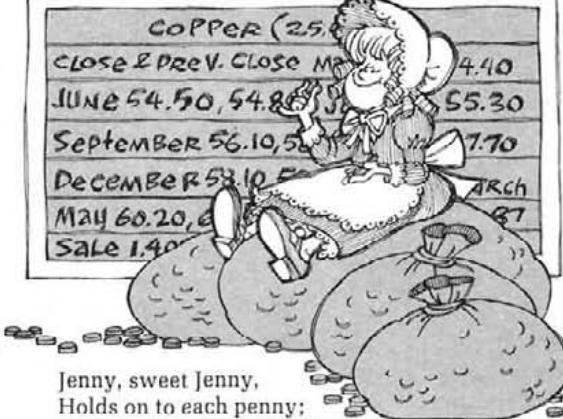
"Inflationary!" Simon screamed,
"My business you are losing!"
The pieman shrugged, "I'd charge much more
If sugar I were using."

Little Jack Horner



Little Jack Horner
Now stands on a corner
And begs for a small contribution;
They had to close down
The big steelworks downtown,
But at least there's a lot less pollution.

Jenny, Sweet Jenny



COPPER (25.0)	4.40
CLOSE & PREV. CLOSE M	55.30
JUNE 54.50, 54.80	55.30
September 56.10, 56.10	7.70
December 53.10, 53.10	ARCH
May 60.20, 60.20	87
Sale 1.40	

Jenny, sweet Jenny,
Holds on to each penny;
She hoards them and no one can stop her;
They'll never be spent
'Cause she's found ev'ry cent

Now contains twice its value in copper.

Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie Winkie
Runs where he goes—
Skipping past the grocer's,
Dodging those he owes,

True, he's a deadbeat;
Still, what the hell—
Compared to all his neighbors,
Willie's doing well.

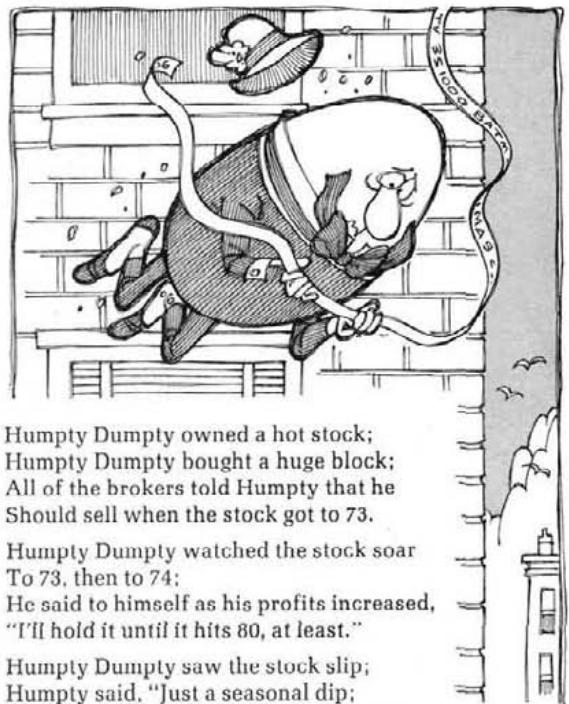
What Are Little Dimes Made Of?



What are little dimes made of?
What are little dimes made of?
Lead and zinc
And scrap-iron, I think,
That's what little dimes are made of.

What are dollar bills made of?
What are dollar bills made of?
Not much, I fear
And it gets worse each year.
That's what dollar bills are made of.

Humpty Dumpty



Humpty Dumpty owned a hot stock;
Humpty Dumpty bought a huge block;
All of the brokers told Humpty that he
Should sell when the stock got to 73.

Humpty Dumpty watched the stock soar
To 73, then to 74;
He said to himself as his profits increased,
"I'll hold it until it hits 80, at least."

Humpty Dumpty saw the stock slip;
Humpty said, "Just a seasonal dip;
I'll buy up a batch while it's sitting at 50,
"And make even more, which will really be nifty."

Humpty Dumpty saw the stock dive
From 50 to 30 to 14 to 5;
He said, "Yes, I've heard there is talk of a crash,
"But I'm buying up more with what's left of my cash."

Humpty Dumpty let out a shout;
Humpty Dumpty said, "I'm wiped out!"
He jumped from a window and said with a cry,
"The market's hit bottom—and soon so will I."

Jerry, Jerry, Big and Hairy



Jerry, Jerry, big and hairy,
How does your loansharking grow?
"With luckless slobs
"Who've lost their jobs
"And have to see me to get dough."

Jerry, Jerry, big and hairy,
What do you charge for your service?
"My cash is lent
"At thirty per-cent;
"They pay up, or else I get nervous."

Jerry, Jerry, big and hairy,
What if some poor slob is late?
"I bust his nose
"And stomp on his toes
"Then double the in-ter-est rate!"

Tweedledum and Tweedledee



Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were called to Washington
To solve the economic mess
And see what could be done.

They talked of things like price controls,
Of more aid to the states,
Of tax deductions, welfare boosts
And higher tariff rates.

The more they talked, the more they fought
As only experts can;
Until, one day, they both agreed
They had the perfect plan.

"There's just one way," they told the press;
"It's always worked before:
"To solve the economic mess,
"We need a nice long war."



There's a new hit mystery movie making the rounds these days! The big mystery about this movie is why so many prominent stars agreed to participate in this idiotic...

MUDDLE ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

Score cards! Get your score card! You can't tell the stars without a score card!

Post cards . . . souvenirs . . . murder weapons!

Why, it is my old friend, Hercules Pirouette! Will you be traveling with us this trip?

Yes! It is most imperative that I get to London!

Are you on an important case?

No! Harrad's is having their annual sale of Mustache Wax and Greasy Kid Stuff Hair Tonic! I also like to return to London regularly to polish up my English so people can understand what I'm saying!

It's much too late for that!

Sorry, Sir . . . but we're all full up! All twelve places on the train are taken!

What?! We run a whole luxury train for only twelve passengers! No wonder this railroad is going broke! I am a Director of this line, and I order you to place M. Pirouette in the empty berth we save for an emergency! It is only temporary! I have the feeling that a permanent vacancy will develop before long!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE

And wire the Ovaltine Co. about that chipped Orphan Annie mug!

Did you answer all my mail?

Yes, sir!
Anything else?

Why didn't you answer THOSE, you idiot?! Why do you think I hired you as my Secretary? I can handle ordinary mail MYSELF!!

Would you mind giving me a light?

Hmm! Why do you ask for a light when I observe a lighter on the table? Perhaps it does not work . . . or perhaps you wish to speak to me on another matter that does not concern a light! Perhaps fate has sent me to your table . . . two strangers on a train, their lives entwined by steel rails and steam!

Cheez! Forget about the lousy light! I just gave up smoking forever!

I'll get to the point! My life is in danger! I'll pay you a lot of money to take on a job for me! I need a bodyguard!

A bodyguard?
I thought you needed a light?!



I'm a rich man, and I've got enemies!

A man who makes enemies should make many enemies, because a man is known by the enemies he makes, and since a man is his own worst enemy, if he makes only one enemy, he is his own!

Yeah! I see what you mean!

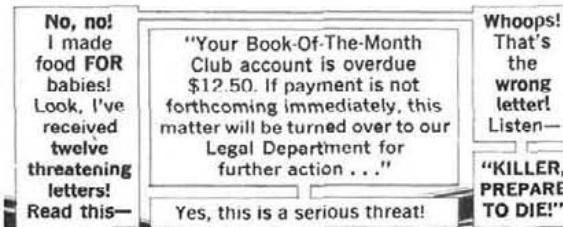
You DO?!! I wish you'd explain it to ME!

Look at this, Pirouette! I sleep with this under my head every night!

That is bad! If you want to be more comfortable, you should try a pillow! Tell me, what business are you engaged in, M. Ratspit?

I'm retired! I used to be in the Baby Food business!

You made food out of babies?!! No wonder you have enemies! Even I am offended!! So you can imagine how Mothers must feel about you!!



Whoops! That's the wrong letter! Listen—

"KILLER, PREPARE TO DIE!"

Hmm! It is written in a childish scrawl, so the solution is simple! Did you ever taste Baby Food? Even by American standards, it is deplorable! Why don't you come out with a line of Gourmet Baby Foods . . . mashed lobster and tapioca . . . or perhaps strained Vichysoisse and farina . . .?

FORGET about the Baby Food!! Tell me about the LETTERS!

Ah, yes . . . they were probably written by a disgruntled baby! Therefore, your life is in no danger! What can a small child do . . . attack you with his rattle . . . throttle you with his diaper?!! No, I am sorry! I will not take such a case!



Say . . . what's going on? Why have we stopped?

It is nothing! We are stuck in a snow-slide! But do not worry! They will send a snowplow to clear the tracks!

Mr. Ratspit!
Mr. Ratspit!
What seems to be the problem?

I brought Mr. Ratspit his "pick-me-up" . . . and he doesn't answer!



Mr. Ratspit will need more than a "pick-me-up" to pick him up! He will need six pall bearers! He has been murdered! Touch nothing!

But it's impossible! The door was locked from the inside! The impossible is sometimes probable, and the probable is always possible!

Maybe he's not dead! There's a Doctor in the Coach Section! Go and get him!

The Doctor says he is very sorry . . . but he does not make Compartment calls!



No, he is dead! You will notice that some of his wounds are deep . . . while others are light!

Which means there may have been more than one murderer! Perhaps a strong man, and a weak woman! Or perhaps a strong woman and a weak man!

Or a strong man and a weak man . . . or a strong woman and a weak woman! Or perhaps it was one person who is trying to confuse us!

But you're doing a fine job of that!

Ahh, my friend, I know what you are thinking! You are thinking: How lucky you are that I happen to be a passenger on your train!

Actually, I was thinking: Why couldn't Sherlock Holmes have been a passenger instead! But . . . since YOU are here, Pirouette, you must solve this murder! I do not want the Jugoslav Police to bother my First Class Passengers! So hurry! I would like this case solved before the snowplow rescues us!

Ahh, I enjoy a good race!

I'm betting on the snowplow!



Clues . . . clues . . . there are so many clues, I may save some for my next case!

Mr. Ratspit wore one of those watches that stops precisely at the time the wearer is killed, which you can all see is Midnight!

A pipe cleaner! A button from a tunic! A man's handkerchief . . .
HONK
Does this belong to anybody . . . ?

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces! A railroad ticket to romantic places . . .

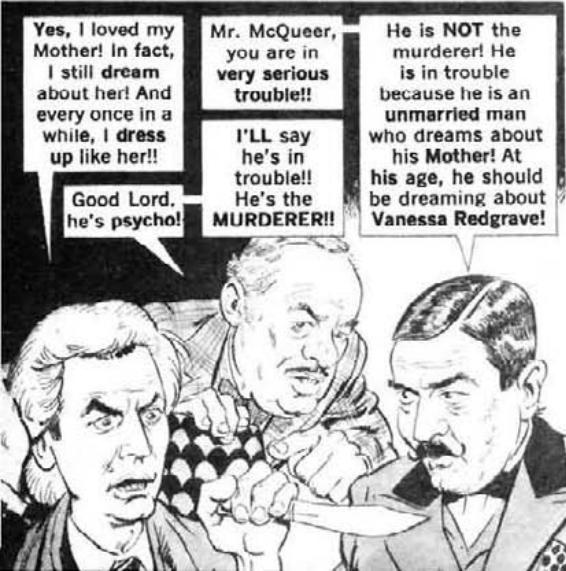
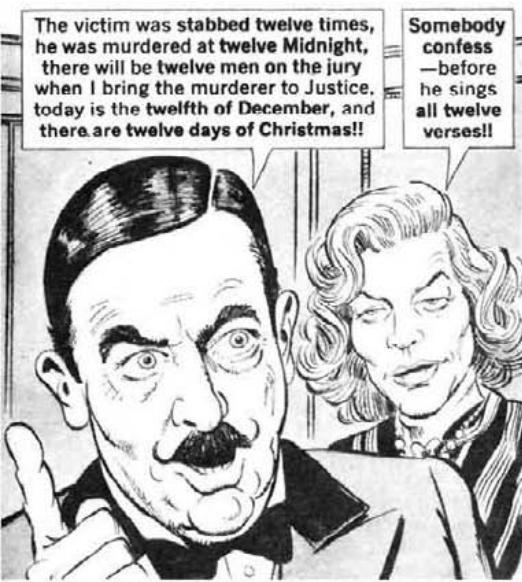
With the help of this hatbox dummy, I will now perform my famous "Restoring The Burned Note" trick! Watch—

It says—"ROSEBUD"!! I know!!! Citizen Kane killed Ratspit!!

No, "Rosebud" was the name of the Armpit child who was kidnapped and brutally slain five years ago! This note proves conclusively that Ratspit was the mastermind of that foul deed!

Pirouette! Please! The snowplow will be here soon!





M. Pirouette,
I think I
can help you!
Mr. Ratspit
was Italian,
so it's very
obvious that
his murder
was a Mafia
killing!

Mr. Oscarelli, let me
remind you that I am
the Detective on this
case, and you are only
a Used Car Salesman!

And have I got a car
for you! A 1929 Essex
—owned by a Swedish
Lady Missionary . . . !

I have one
question
to ask you!

You're
going
to ask
him if
he's the
killer?

No, I'm going
to ask him if
the car has a
rumble seat!
I promised
myself that
the next car
I purchase
will have a
rumble seat!

Princess
Dragimoff,
if I may,
I would
like to
ask you
a few
questions!

—yawn—
Oh, do
you want
me to
confess
to the
murder?

No, something
much more
important!
I want to
know why
you NEVER
SMILE??!

My Make-Up
Man advised
against it!
He said . . .
"If you
smile, your
face will
fall off!"



Listen to this . . .

Give my
regards . . .
to . . .
Broadway!
I'm sorry!

How about
this . . . ?
On the good
ship . . .
Lollipop!

Listen, I'm not really a Theatrical Agent! That's my cover! I'm a Pinkyton Detective! I was assigned to be Ratspit's bodyguard!

You didn't do a good job! Ratspit wasted his money!

Not really! At Pinkyton's we guarantee our work! Mr. Ratspit is entitled to a full refund!



When I was in the Service, I was stationed in IN-JAH! By George, I enjoy saying that . . . IN-JAH!!



He's the murderer!

He cannot be the murderer! See? He has a license to KILL!

Miss Deviledham, I overheard you tell the Colonel at the station, "Not now! When it is over, maybe then!" When WHAT was over? The Depression?! The moon over Miami?! Or a MURDER . . . ?!

Sorry, but I'm not at liberty to answer that question!

May I remind you that this is a murder investigation, and you are not at liberty to be at liberty to not be at liberty to answer it!!



UNHAND that lady, Sir!!

I never HANDED her! Perhaps you will answer!

On one condition! Since you are not British, I cannot ask you for your word as a Gentleman—but I want you to give me your word as a foreign Belgian frog that you will never reveal any of what I am about to tell you!

Cross my heart and hope to die!



I am in the process of obtaining a Divorce! I asked the lady to have tea with me in my compartment! She said not until my Divorce is final!

And when did you decide to obtain your Divorce?

At the station!



I will now go to the Dining Car! Assemble the passengers!

No . . . Are you going to reveal the murderer? I hate eating alone!!



Ladies and gentlemen, I have two possible solutions to the crime! The first is a simple one: the murderer boarded the train at Belgrade disguised as a Conductor . . . hid in Mrs. Haggard's compartment . . . then, using a pass key, entered Ratspit's compartment . . . drugged him . . . stabbed him twelve times . . . put the knife into Mrs. Haggard's bag, the uniform into Fraulein Schnitzel's suitcase . . . then caused the snow slide so the train would be forced to stop, and escaped into the night!

That is the most ridiculous story I have ever heard . . . !

Wait until you hear the SECOND solution!



In this solution, there is no mysterious stranger! The Conductor's uniform is just a Red Herring! Incidentally, have any of you tried the Red Herring in Wine Sauce? Delicious! My compliments to the Chef! But tell him—

M. Pirouette! I implore you!

You all remember the Armpit kidnapping! I have positive evidence . . . this burned burnt note . . . which proves that Mr. Ratspit was the mastermind behind that horrible crime!

Will that stand up in court?

It will—if nobody turns on a fan!



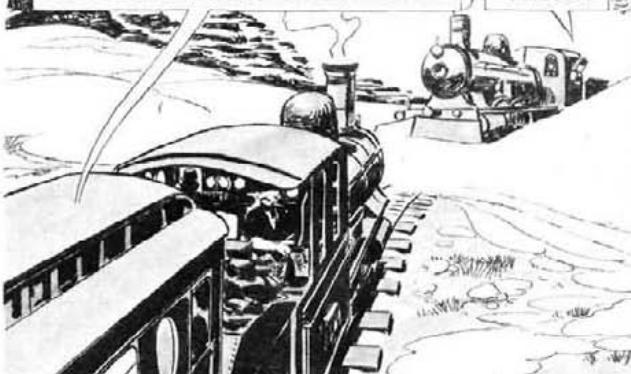
Your answers to my questions were full of inaccuracies and evasions! So I asked myself, Why? Why? Why? And I answered myself, Because! Because! Because . . . as far-fetched as it sounds, each of you were closely associated with the Armpit family! Mrs. Haggard was Mrs. Armpit's devoted Mother! Miss Deviledham was her devoted Secretary! Princess Dragimoff was the child's devoted Grandmother! Miss Yolson was the child's devoted Nurse! Colonel Arbornut was Colonel Armpit's devoted Comrade-in-Arms! Mr. Meadowbug was his devoted Aide!

If he doesn't get to the solution fast, I'll confess just to shut him up!

It could be worse! Suppose this was a Commuter Train and he had 500 suspects!

Mrs. Armpit was Mr. McQueer's Fairy God-Mother! Mr. Lardman was the devoted Cop on the beat who fell in love with the Maid! Bierre was her devoted Father! Countess Adrenali was Mrs. Armpit's devoted Sister, making the Count her devoted Brother-In-Law! Fraulein Schnitzel was the devoted Cook . . . and Mr. Oscarelli was the devoted Chauffeur!

We'd better hurry! It sounds like somebody's gone stark raving mad on that train . . . !



For my next number, I will now do "The Actual Murder"!

Gasp . . . choke! Somebody's trying to poison me! My sedative's been spiked with . . . Baby . . . Food . . .

M. Ratspit's watch was set at 12 Midnight to give everyone an alibi! Imagine, trying to fool me with the old "Watch-Stopped-At-The-Time-Of-The-Murder" trick!



Now, which of the two ways did the murder actually happen? Was it committed by a mysterious stranger . . . ?

Or was it committed by twelve people who booked passage on this train months in advance knowing that Mr. Ratspit would be traveling on it? Did these people act as a Jury of twelve?

M. Pirouette, you neglected to include ME as a suspect! That means THIRTEEN . . . and makes your "Jury" theory all wrong!

THIRTEEN?? Ah, yes . . . of course! There is also—uh—a third possible solution that is even more complex than the other two!

Oh, not AGAIN!

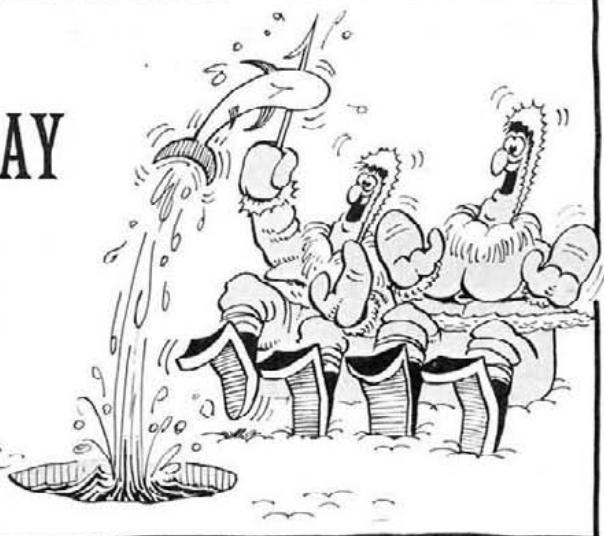
We've ALREADY committed ONE perfect crime! What say we have ANOTHER go at it??!

HEAR! HEAR!

No Jury on Earth will ever convict us . . . !



ONE SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE NORTH POLE



**WHAT LARGE
GROUP WOULD
BE DELIGHTED
TO HAVE
PRESIDENT
FORD JOIN
THEIR RANKS?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN**

Groups with special problems always attempt to enlist prominent new members in order to focus attention on their needs. Thus, President Ford is eagerly sought by many to lend prestige to their cause. To discover one of the largest of these groups, simply fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

**THOUSANDS OF GROUPS HOPE FORD WILL COME
JOIN THEIR RANKS SO THE PRESIDENT CAN BLESS
THEM WITH HIS PRESENCE AND APPROVAL**

A

B

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID!



PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD

ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER